

Man Spider... no wait, Spider-Man! by rotted_core

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Genre: Crime Fighting, M/M, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Spiderman AU, Trans Richie Tozier, aka The Spiderman AU Nobody Asked For, because i can't think of any right now lmao, if that's even a thing

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Summary:

“You’re not a superhero,” Stan said.

“Fuck you, yes I am!” Richie retorted, making a motion with his hands like he could strangle him had it not been for the fact he was his best friend. “Look, there’s some weird shit going on with me and I don’t know what it is, but it’s definitely something like the monsters that have been lurking around here and down in New York.” He explained while pacing his room, rolling his sleeves up and stopping, sticking his tongue out in concentration.

“Well, you aren’t wrong about that part. What are you doing?” Stan asked, bewildered, watching Richie as he started to thrust his wrists forward towards his window.

“I’m trying to make the web stuff come out again!” Richie answered and Stan leaned back on his palms to watch him in a combination of amusement and boredom. He sighed, making Richie whirl on him. “Shut it, I need to concentrate!” He glowered, a web shooting out and

sticking across Stan's mouth, both of their eyes widening in shock, Richie covering his own mouth with his hand in shock.

"What the fuck was that?" Stan barked after Richie got the web off, who was beaming all the while.

"My web!"

1. The Trip to Bangor

Author's Note:

hi, i'm Taron and welcome to The Spider-Man AU
nobody asked for but you're getting anyway lol

i suck at titles and summaries i'm so sorry

Richie supposed the only good thing about being in advanced placement physics for his senior year meant his best friend, who was a year below him, was in the same class as him and got to go on the big field trip to Bangor with him. He wasn't super into chemistry, but he wasn't going to complain about getting out of school for a day.

He pushed his shoulder against Stan and spread out an array of tapes like a fan of cards, grinning at the half-glare he got. "Which mix do you want to listen to? I've got a lot of The Ramones on this one and a lot of Bowie on this one and--"

"The Ramones," Stan quickly cut Richie off and plucked the tape he had pointed to, "I have to be in a certain mood to listen to Bowie. So, never."

Richie gasped dramatically, putting his free hand on his chest as if Stan had truly offended him. Which he probably did. "Stanley! How could you even say that? Bowie is the most iconic singer of the 70s!" He explained, not even minding when Stan grabbed his Walkman and gingerly took the other tape that was in it to replace it with The Ramones, using his pinkie to rewind the other.

Stan shrugged. "I don't know, Richie, he just doesn't appeal to me. Plus my dad would never allow him in the house." He added, to which Richie nodded and let it drop at that.

He worked out the knots in his earbuds, got chided that he was going to ruin the wires if he kept bunching them up like that, and passed one to Stan to help pass the time on the bus. Richie was the first to hop up when the bus stopped in front of the large, mostly glass building, the other students gaping in wonder at it. He nudged at

Stan to get him to hurry to the front, smiling sheepishly at their teacher when she gave them a questioning raise of her eyebrow but stepped off of the bus, calling for her class to follow.

“This is gonna be so fucking cool,” Richie beamed as he pulled the visitor’s lanyard over his neck, tugging at Stan’s to make it bounce up.

Stan caught it before it could smack his chin before doing it back to Richie, walking off when it actually did smack against the underside of his jaw. “I thought you didn’t like chemistry?”

“I don’t but now that we’re here, it looks awesome!” Richie answered, doing his best to stand still and focus on what their teacher was saying. Don’t touch anything you’re not allowed to, don’t wander off, bathroom trips will be as a group, lunch at 11:30, more tour shit, blah blah blah, be on the bus by two o’clock, home by four.

Richie did try to stay as a group, really, but the tour was as he had previously had guessed, was pretty boring. He definitely would have appreciated something more physics based. Who gave a shit about chemicals and altering animals? That wouldn’t do the world any good, he was sure of it. Didn’t they watch Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles? His attention was pulled by a room emitting a bright blue light like a moth to a lamp, breaking off from the group and stepping closer to it, and wouldn’t you know, someone left the door propped open for him. He slipped into the room and wandered further inside, not hearing the door click behind him.

“Whoa, tight,” Richie muttered to himself as he looked at all of the glass tubes that held different kinds of bugs and even small animals in larger boxes.

He stopped at a particular spider, gaping at its red body and shining blue details. “You are definitely not the kinda thing I’d have to squish on the kitchen floor, eh, pretty thing?” He asked, lightly tapping the glass with the pad of his finger and immediately leaping back when it jumped at him. “Jesus fuck, okay, I take that back, fuck you.” He coughed as he doubled over briefly to hold his heart as it hammered in his chest.

Richie stepped away from the spider and flipped it off, moving to talk to some rats as he walked by them, unaware that he had actually pushed open the tube to the spider he had all but threatened.

He continued to walk aimlessly until he got to the end of the room, turning back to go for the door when it opened, two voices filling in. He dropped to a crouch behind the tables, able to be hidden behind the counters. Fuck, shit, shit shit shit! He thought frantically as he crawled along the floor, stopping when the scientists did.

“Those kids are so easily impressed. Aren’t most of them seniors? You think they’d be over the whole field trip thing.” One of them said, making the other laugh.

“Guess not. I think it’s kinda cute!” The other said, a female. “They’re so awed by everything, they’re not jaded, crotchety adults yet.”

Richie didn’t notice the spider crawling along his equally bright windbreaker, too focused on skirting around the counter as the scientists started to walk further down. The spider dipped into the neck of his shirt just as Richie crouch-walked towards the door, standing up and trying his best to casually walk off to find his classmates.

He turned a corner and screamed when he ran into, quite literally, into Stan.

“Where the fuck did you run off to? Mrs. Swope is going to kill you.” Stan scolded and grabbed the front of Richie’s shirt to haul him back to the group.

He couldn’t even muster a smart ass comment, focusing on trying to will away the sweat on his forehead and settle his pounding heart. “I had to find a bathroom. Had that traveller’s piss, you know. Small bladder on the road.”

“We have group bathroom breaks, jackass. You can’t get mad at me when you get detention.” Stan warned, tugging Richie along and calling out to their teacher that he found him.

The rest of the trip went without incident, Richie slowly perking back

to his brash and crude self the more he forgot about the almost catastrophic amount of trouble he had gotten into if he had been caught by the scientists.

He dropped back against the seat of the bus and cursed when something sharp poked into the soft spot between his shoulder blades, reaching back to try and feel what it was. He turned and glared at the old vinyl seat, punching below the spot. "Stupid fucking seats, these need to be replaced," he bitched to Stan.

"Word. Did you hear about the one kid that actually started bleeding from a broken pole in the seat?" Stan asked, making Richie grimace.

"Jesus, no."

"Yeah, had to go to the hospital and everything." Stan went on with a shake of his head. "Doesn't help these buses are as old as our parents."

They listened to music on the way back as well, Stan falling asleep against his shoulder as Richie stared out of the window, pinching his bottom lip and bouncing his foot all the while. He lightly shook Stan awake as they pulled up to the school, shouldering their bags and waving one another off with promises to see one another tomorrow.

Unbeknownst to either of them of the shriveled up spider left in their seat, shiny blue details now faded.

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The next morning was weird, to put it straight.

Richie had, seemingly, hit a growth spurt. His already longish legs becoming only longer, his jeans now showing much more of his ankle than he wanted. He knew his long sleeves would probably have the same issue, but he was glad it was still T-shirt weather, and his buttons up that had been baggy were now perfectly fitted on the shoulders. Not too tightly.

“Jesus bike riding Christ,” he murmured when he had to step back to himself in his full length mirror. His mom would have to sew more denim onto his jeans and she would not be happy. They were a ‘it’s your senior year’ gift along with two other pairs, he could not tell her to buy more. Or maybe she could exchange them..?

He was torn from his thoughts when his door was knocked on. “Richie, come get breakfast, honey! The bus will be here any minute.” His mom said and he cursed under his breath, quickly pulling on socks and shoes, his fingers not seeming to cooperate or wanting to tie the laces, so he stuffed them into the sides and threw his bag over his shoulder.

He pecked her on the cheek and sat down if only for a minute to eat his toast and eggs when the bus honked outside his house. “Shit, bye Mom, love you!” He said loudly so she could hear him even back in her room, cursing again when he dropped some egg on the floor, letting in one of his dogs from the backyard to play cleanup as he rushed out of the front door.

He almost felt sick as the day progressed. A cold sweat settled over him in the middle of third period, feeling too worn out to even jiggle or bounce his leg, but got a look from the boy who sat next to him. “If you get me sick with something, I’ll fucking beat you with our textbook.” Eddie Kaspbrak hissed under his breath, scooting his chair as far away as he possibly could.

To which, even despite how shitty he felt, made Richie lean over between the aisle and make the loudest cough-retch combo he could muster, making Eddie actually gag and cover his mouth with an acidic glare. Their classmates didn’t even bat an eye at their usual shenanigans, their teacher threatening detention for the both of them, the threat making Richie sit back in his seat and grin at Eddie’s flustered yet unspeakably annoyed expression.

At least Richie had that going for him.

“You really thrive off of pissing off that Eddie guy, don’t you.” Stan said, not even spoken as a question, but a statement. Of course he had already heard about what happened from a couple kids he was sort-of friends with.

“Yeah, man, it’s fucking hilarious.” Richie snorted and bobbed his head to a song stuck in his head, the moment of sickness seeming to have washed away now. “His reactions are just so funny. When I really piss him off, he starts off in such a fast, high pitched voice and I lose it every single time. He’s so fucking angry, like, all the time.” He explained, snickering just from the memories he had of the literal years he had been tormenting Eddie.

Stan shook his head and flicked the tiny ponytail Richie had that held his bangs back. “You’re just an asshole,” he pointed out with a small smile to show that he didn’t mean it as harshly as it sounded.

“Do you want me to pour boiling hot peroxide on your head?” Richie threatened with a nod to the beaker he held above the flame. Definitely not part of the assignment, but they were already done and Richie was bored; a bad combination.

Stan opened his mouth to reply but their teacher was slowly walking over. “Uh, Rich, I’d probably put that down before you get your lab privileges taken away again.” He quickly warned, already turning off the flame and motioning for Richie to hurry and set the beaker down somewhere, both of them quietly and frantically arguing.

“Boys?” She asked and Richie jumped, dropping the beaker but it didn’t shatter, much to the boys’ confusion. “Are you two done?” She asked, looking between them.

“Yes, ma’am,” Stan answered for them, gathering their lab report together and handing it to her, nodding when she thanked them. He quickly looked down for the beaker, thinking Richie had somehow caught it with his foot but that wasn’t the case. Instead, a web-like string was holding onto the beaker, that web coming out from Richie’s hand. “What the fuck is that?” He asked, reaching to touch the web and grimacing when it actually came away kinda sticky.

Richie looked down in shared confusion, lifting his hand up and tugging off the web to hold it in his other hand. “I… have no idea,” he admitted, twisting his arm to see that the web was coming out his inner wrist. “So, that’s new,” he said and tugged at it curiously, a tremble traveling up his arm when more came out, “Stan? What do I do?” He asked and Stan shook his head, eyes wide in equal parts

confusion and concern.

“We’ll figure this out later.” Stan said and grabbed scissors, snipping the web at Richie’s wrist and trying to toss it away, but it stuck to his hand.

Richie grabbed it with surprising ease, stammering over his words when he watched Stan pack away his spiral and textbook, zipping his bag and pulling it over his shoulders. “Wait, where the hell are you going?” He questioned in slight annoyance but mostly bewilderment.

“I’m gonna go study with Bill at his house,” Stan said, already walking for the door and holding up a peace sign. “I’m not dealing with all of your shit right now, man, that’s just too much and I know it’s gonna be some sort of trick, so... peace.” He held his fingers up all the way around the corner, putting down his index finger to flip Richie off.

“Peace,” he ran a hand down his face with a groan, fixing his glasses and looking to the thick, still very-there web sitting on his other one. He was going to follow Stan’s advice and deal with it later, grabbing a paper towel from one of the sinks and wiping it away. Later... he would deal with it later when he had a clear mind. If he ever would have one, that was.

2. Enter: Eddie Spaghetti. Briefly

Notes for the Chapter:

so i might post the third chapter soon too lmao

no beta readers, we make mistakes like men

Richie put the whole thing out of his mind, or did his best to. Feeling over his wrists where the web had come out of the day before, not minding that he probably looked like he was having a bad trip, but he was starting to obsess. He figured it was just some shared hallucination he and Stan shared, maybe something they caught from the field trip. He wasn't exactly wrong in that aspect. It was indeed something from the lab, but it wasn't a disease as he was thinking, more of a radioactive spider bite.

"Hey, fuck nut, you got a name for your prescription or what?" A voice brought him back to focus, none other than Eddie Kaspbrak's voice, the boy himself glaring over the pharmacy's counter.

He didn't remember walking into the pharmacy in the slightest, too focused on why everything seemed to be so much louder than before and his vision was now slightly better even without his glasses. Nothing amazing but he could tell his prescription had changed, and it hurt his eyes to look through them for long. "You're so friendly, Eds, I'm so glad Mr. Keene made you the very first face you see in the store." He retorted, snarky even when he wasn't properly in his head.

"I'm a delight, thank you," Eddie sneered very unpleasantly. "What are you even doing here? I'm working if you can't tell." He said, plucking the collar of his lab coat, fixing his nametag when it shifted.

"Uh, I just needed something for an... injury." Richie started, not even convincing himself, and floundered when Eddie wordlessly raised an eyebrow at him. Fuck, why was he feeling so flustered? Ew, he hated it. His heart roared in his ears and he was just sure that Eddie could hear it, too. Jesus, his palms were starting to sweat, he might--

“Richie!” Eddie’s voice brought him back again as well as the fingers snapping in his face. “Seriously, I’m about to call the fucking cops. Are you having a bad trip or something? You’re sweating like a pig, you better not have something.” He said with a suspicious squint, hand reaching for the phone.

“No, I’m fine! I’m not on anything, I’m-- I think something is wrong with me, but like, a fever?” Richie asked, running a hand through his hair. There were so many things wrong with him, really. He looked around at the quick access items that hung along hooks in front of the counter, grabbing two boxes of ace bandages and setting them on the counter in front of Eddie. “Everything’s super loud and my eyesight’s super sharp now? You know my eyesight, Eds, you’ve tried on my glasses.”

“Don’t call me that, especially at work. But yeah, you’re going blind,” Eddie quipped, typing in the price of the bandages into the cash register, eyeing them curiously. “Anyway, that definitely sounds like a bad trip. Seeing dragons?” He teased and Richie let out a bark of laughter, sliding his glasses down his nose and looking over them when his eyes started to ache again.

“You know it,” Richie answered with a grin, feeling a slight wave of relief wash over him when Eddie gave a smile back without looking at him.

Eddie slid the boxes back forward and leaned his elbows on the countertop. “Was that it or did you need something for your incredibly overactive sweat glands?” He asked, able to see the sweat beaded at Richie’s temple and what showed of his forehead.

He shook his head, grabbing his wallet. He wasn’t sure what he would even need besides a few Tylenol and a long nap, but it was good that he came in today for the bandages and a pretty good conversation with his favorite person to bother. “How much do I owe ya, Eds?” He asked as he counted what few bills he had tucked away.

“Three dollars flat,” Eddie answered, “want a bag? I didn’t think you played a sport or anything. Aren’t you in advanced physics? We aren’t usually the crowd to be playing sports.” He mused.

“No bag, I’ve got mine,” Richie said, wiping his sweat-damp hand off on his shorts before grabbing three ones for Eddie, setting them in his outstretched hand and taking his ace bandages, “you’re so nosy, Eddie, maybe these are for someone else, eh? Maybe my ma’s got a bad wrist.” He said in a Jersey accent while stuffing them away into his backpack, slinging it back onto his back.

“Aren’t you a gentleman,” Eddie rolled his eyes, glancing over his shoulder just as Mr. Keene came out of the back and quickly turning back to Richie, his mouth pinched in clear disgust, not that Richie’s was any different. At least their displeasure for the man was shared. “Anyway, have a good day and hopefully your symptoms go away. And don’t give them to me.” He said in a chipper customer service voice but finished in a softer, harsher tone, to which Richie stuck his tongue out and coughed loudly, yet again making Eddie jump backwards and flip him off as Richie left.

He didn’t get anything for the weirdly heightened-everything going on, not that he thought there was even anything for that, right? Maybe he was having a bad trip, without even having to smoke anymore. He could deal with that.

“Fuck,” he groaned to himself, rubbing his eyes as he walked blindly through the alleyway between the pharmacy and the bank. He took his glasses off and when he opened his eyes, he was looking up at the sky.

Thoroughly confused, he looked down to see his ratty Chucks sticking to the painted mural of the pharmacy. Which was on a wall. He was standing on a wall.

Richie couldn’t even utter a noise, slowly sinking down to his hands to crawl his way up with surprising ease, just by the pads of his fingers. This was it, he had lost it. He had been taken up by one of those monsters that he’d been seeing on the news. He was really dead in the sewer that people always said to never go into. Yeah, that was it, because there was no way he was sticking to a wall in a crouch, looking down at the ground, panting hard against the binding on his chest.

He could have stayed in that spot for hours in his panic, but he heard

voices starting to bounce off the walls, so he scrambled up the wall and onto the roof of the pharmacy, lying uncomfortably on his backpack as he wheezed for breath.

“I’m a goddamn superhero,” Richie whispered in a stroke of genius.

“You’re not a superhero,” Stan said.

“Fuck you, yes I am!” Richie retorted, making a motion with his hands like he could strangle Stan had it not been for the fact he was his best friend. “Look, there’s some weird shit going on with me and I don’t know what it is, but it’s definitely something like the monsters that have been lurking around here and down in New York.” He explained while pacing his room, rolling his sleeves up and stopping, sticking his tongue out in concentration.

“Well, you aren’t wrong about that part. What... are you doing?” Stan asked, bewildered, watching Richie as he started to thrust his wrists forward towards his window.

“I’m trying to make the web stuff come out again!” Richie answered and Stan put his hands up, leaning back on his palms to watch him in a combination of amusement and boredom. He sighed, making Richie whirl on him. “Shut it, I need to concentrate!” He glowered, a web shooting out and sticking across Stan’s mouth, both of their eyes widening in shock, Richie covering his own mouth with his hand in shock.

Stan’s muffled yelling combined with Richie’s frantic attempts to calm him down, stepping forward and carefully peeling off the web with surprising ease. “What the fuck was that?” He asked after smacking Richie upside the head, feeling over his mouth and cheeks that were red with web marks.

“It was my web!” Richie exclaimed.

Only then did Stan’s eyes light up, if only slightly. He sat forward and held his hand out for one of Richie’s, feeling over the small, barely-noticeable slit in the middle of his wrist. He pressed on it curiously. “That’s so weird,” he murmured to himself, “how did you get it to come out? What did you do with your hand?” Richie hummed in

thought before tucking in his two middle fingers, leaving his other three out. Stan raised an eyebrow. "Really? The rock 'n roll hand?"

"It's not like I picked it," Richie huffed, pulling his hand back and turning towards his window, flinging both hands out and making twin spiderwebs smack against the glass, both boys gasping. "Holy fucking shit. Okay, okay, okay, so far I can do this and climb walls, oh, and my eyesight has actually gotten better." He mused, starting to pace his bedroom floor as he stared at his wrists.

"I was wondering why you weren't wearing your glasses anymore," Stan nodded.

"And I wonder what else I can do," Richie beamed and shot a web directly above his head, giving it a couple harsh tugs before lifting his other hand and tentatively grabbing hold of it. He looked to Stan before pulling himself off the ground, jaw dropping. "No fucking way," he breathed, easily flipping upside down and pressing his feet together on the web, beaming wide enough to hurt his cheeks, "I'm like, super light! And flexible!" He laughed, letting his legs drop on either side of himself to rest on his shoulders.

Stan was grinning back now, standing up from Richie's bed. Now he had his interest. "You're like... a mutant." He murmured, touching the web and walking around his upside-down friend. "I've got an idea," he said mostly to himself and grabbed his backpack, slinging it around his shoulders.

"Where are you going?" Richie called after his retreating form, dropping onto his feet, which made him gape at his reflexes.

"I'll call you!" Stan called back down the hall before saying his polite goodbyes to Richie's parents, leaving him to clean up the webs in his room and put them in the trash.

Author's Note:

i hope you enjoyed!

wanna RP? hmu on my tumblr lmao

<https://rotted-core.tumblr.com/>